

This Son of Mars Tried to Fight Against Cupid But the God of Love Forced Him to Surrender

Hero of the Philippines
Openly Courted
Danger and Laughed
at the Warnings
of His Comrades.

THREE months ago E. V. Orvis, one time soldier in the Philippines, now lawyer in Waukegan and sergeant in Battery C, the crack artillery organization of the town, was a foolish man in the merry month of August, when the north shore in daytime is gay with the merry picnic throngs and when the Japanese lanterns of many lawn fêtes illumine the soft night, and Cupid stalks ubiquitously about seeking whom he may devour. Sergeant Orvis arose at a garden party given in Waukegan and read a carefully drawn up resolution, deploring the epidemic of marriages which was threatening to decimate the bold battery, and openly defied the god of love to further encroach upon the hearts of any of his men or of his own.

Foolish sergeant! He is wiser now—wiser and, the people of the north shore declare, happier. He has just been married. Now he knows what men of wisdom and experience might have told him long before he ventured to enter the lists with Cupid: No man, it matters not who he may be or how long he has braved the darts of love, can hope to withstand the onslaught of the little god when he decides that it is good for a young man and a young woman to be brought together. He tried to do it and fell fatally wounded—at least he was shot through and through the heart. Now he is satisfied to let his example be a warning to other young men who wish to remain in the state of blessed bachelorhood; and, furthermore, he is satisfied to let it be seen that he is not sorry that Cupid, to evidence his strength, brought him and his pretty stenographer, Miss Ella Ahart, to become man and wife.

Tried to Interfere with Cupid.

Cupid was having everything his own way in Waukegan this summer. He arranged love matches galore. Many young men and beautiful young women met, became acquainted and got married with an enthusiasm and in numbers that caused the little fellow to chortle in his quiver with glee. Never was such a summer for Cupid. A list of the love marriages that took place in Waukegan since the 1st of June, this year, would forever silence the carping critic whose cry is that the tender sentiment is dead or dying in this age. Other places may have forgotten that there is such a thing as romance and love, but Waukegan still remembers.

Battery C is Waukegan's favorite society organization as well as a model for a militia artillerymen to pattern after. Its handsome armory makes an excellent ballroom and its stalwart members in their red striped uniforms make excellent partners and society men in general. Cupid was ever partial to the man in uniform and brass. Women are so created that they have a tender spot in their hearts for the same sort of a creature. Was it any wonder then that there should be romances and engagements aplenty with the members of Battery C as the contracting parties?

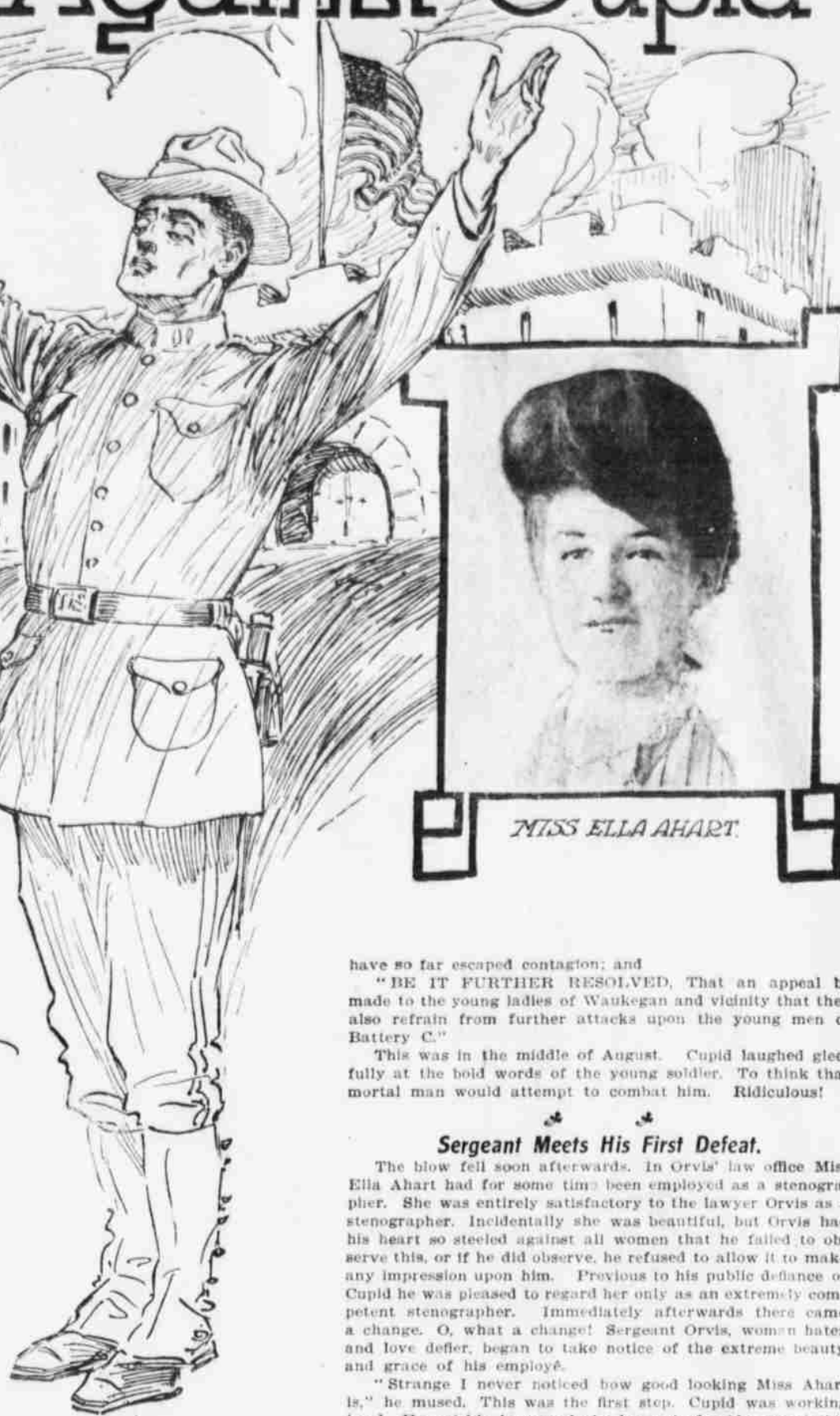
In fact, the machinations of Cupid in Waukegan centered at the battery's armory. Man after man of the bold sager boys fell a victim to his arrows. Scarcely a drill, ball, or other function took place but some one of the battery would blushing announce that he was engaged, etc., etc. All this, while good and beautiful, does not make for the serenity of the mind if he is thinking of who she is. He said last night; the man who tries to sit with his arms properly folded, on an ammunition box as it goes jerking and bouncing after the gun, with his head full of a vision of The Girl, is quite apt to find himself on his head by the roadside.

Captain Aids Sentimental Couples.

But the engagements continued to grow in number, and the captain of the battery gave Cupid all the aid and encouragement



SEARGANT
E. V. ORVIS



MISS ELLA AHART

have so far escaped contagion; and
"BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, That an appeal be made to the young ladies of Waukegan and vicinity that they also refrain from further attacks upon the young men of Battery C."

This was in the middle of August. Cupid laughed gleefully at the bold words of the young soldier. To think that mortal man would attempt to combat him. Ridiculous!

Sergeant Meets His First Defeat.

The blow fell soon afterwards. In Orvis' law office Miss Ella Ahart had for some time been employed as a stenographer. She was entirely satisfactory to the lawyer Orvis as a stenographer. Incidentally she was beautiful, but Orvis had his heart so steely against all women that he failed to observe this, or if he did observe, he refused to allow it to make any impression upon him. Previous to his public defiance of Cupid he was pleased to regard her only as an extremely competent stenographer. Immediately afterwards there came a change. O, what a change! Sergeant Orvis, woman hater and love defier, began to take notice of the extreme beauty and grace of his employe.

"Strange I never noticed how good looking Miss Ahart is," he mused. This was the first step. Cupid was working hard. He quickly increased the lawyer's fervid appreciation for his stenographer.

"Wonderful hair she's got," he continued. "I must become better acquainted with her."

The following weeks were—but it's the same old story, the story of a man and a maid discovering that they love each other. There were boat rides on the lake, long walks along the maple shaded streets of Waukegan's suburbs under the soft moon, drives into the country about, and over it all Cupid beamed gleefully.

And Then He Surrendered.

There is nothing to indicate that Sergeant Orvis, who under no circumstances would permit himself to fall in love, struggled perceptibly against the snares of Cupid as they entangled him more and more. On the other hand, there is everything to indicate that he, like the brave soldier he was, recognized a superior foe when he saw him and proceeded to dolefully follow the path which leads to orange blossoms and Mendelssohn, much after the manner of other men when they are stricken. He was beaten and he freely owned up to the fact—to Miss Ahart. To the world he declined to grow confidential. He knew the reputation the battery, which had listened patiently to his lectures on affairs d'amour, would accord him if he publicly announced his engagement and wedding. So one night he and Miss Ahart drove quietly to the church, were as quietly married, and just as quietly left for parts unknown for an extended wedding trip. And Cupid, gazing down upon them, serenely folds his arms and longs eagerly for other contrary men to conquer.

agement within his power, for the captain was among those who know the delights of the tender sentiment, and wished all the young men under his command to enter into speaking terms with the same. He gave balls, parties, lawn fetes, and in other ways ably assisted all prospective lovers.

Sergeant E. V. Orvis was the most enthusiastic member of the battery and wished to bring the organization up to the top notch in drill, accoutrement, and military behavior. He was a hard and stern disciplinarian, as becomes a man who has seen two years of hard service in the Philippines. He knew full well that in the battery which is to maintain the form and rigid discipline which makes the soldier a joy to the eye of the critical officer and leaves him fit and ready for active service in a hard campaign there is no room for any entertainment of serious regard for women.

"Quit getting engaged and married, you fellows, and tend to your drilling more carefully," he said sternly to the men under him. "We want to make this the best battery in the state, and we can't do it unless you buckle down and think more about your duties as militiamen than you do about your girls. Soldiering and love don't go together, despite arguments to the contrary." So quoth the hard drilling lawyer-sergeant.

Promises That Came to Naught.

The men promised dutifully to obey. They would eschew all thoughts of the girls and settle down to learning how to ride and go through the battery drill properly. Poor sager

boys! Cupid had his eye on them and their fates were already arranged. Within a week two of them came shamefacedly to the sergeant and admitted that they had met the enemy and they were his.

"You'd ought to see her, sergeant," said one. "She's a peach; you'd fall in love with her yourself."

"There's no way to keep a fellow from falling in love, sergeant, if he meets the right girl," wisely philosophized another.

"Bah! Weaklings!" roared Mars, in the shape of Sergeant Orvis. "Weaklings, to fall before the enemy without a single struggle! Fine soldiers you are, to succumb to the attacks of a mere baby, one without any uniform at that! Watch me; you won't see me losing my head over any girl."

Scorns Warning of Friends.

And he was as good as his word—for several months. He not only refrained from allowing himself the luxury of falling in love, but he even went so far as to openly issue a defiance to Cupid, and in his resolution strongly advised Cupid to keep his hands off the faithful remnants of his beloved battery.

"Don't do it, Orvis," they said, when he announced his intention of engaging Cupid in mortal warfare. "Don't do it; it's just like defying lightning. It is sure to strike you."

But Orvis was, and is still, a brave man. He has faced the Mausers of the Philippine Jungles without fear; he has

done much business with the ferocious bolo men, and nothing on this earth or any other ever held terror for him.

"Strike me?" he repeated, scornfully, after his advisers as he squared his shoulders and set his jaw more firmly. "Strike me? Well, I'd like to see that happen."

Openly Defied God of Love.

Firmly resolved in his mission, the doughty veteran went unheeding to his fate. He openly courted danger. He attended the brilliant social functions, where the danger of infection from love microbes was acknowledged to be greatest, and loudly voiced his defiance and preached against the pernicious custom of getting married into which the young men of his troop had recently fallen. He attended a lawn fête given in honor of the troop, and there he boldly stood forth and read the following resolution, which set the north shore buzzing with excitement and which made Sergeant Orvis famous beyond all measure.

"Whereas, An epidemic has broken out in our midst, and from its different phases and repeated attacks it can be seen that it endangers our success as a military organization; and, whereas, our captain has encouraged it and refused to lend his support to stem the tide, and, for untold reasons, has helped to spread the disease; and, whereas, no vaccine has been discovered which will counteract its effects,

"BE IT RESOLVED, That the person who is responsible for said epidemic, commonly known as Dan Cupid, be hereby warned to keep away from such members of Battery C as

The Romantic Lovemaking of Birds.

THERE was a great fluttering of wings on the afternoon that the National Federation of Bird Clubs met in annual session at Bird Center. The business of the convention was entirely lost sight of and all the delegates, from the saucy Mrs. Stirling and the pert Mrs. Jay to the stately Mrs. Falcon and the severely dignified Mrs. Eagle, were eagerly discussing the social sensation of the hour—the divorce granted to Mr. Mallard Duck from Mrs. Duck.

The scandal promised nearly to disrupt the Federation of Bird Clubs, for half of the Mrs. Birds were of the opinion that Mrs. Mallard Duck was deserving only of scorn and social ostracism, while the other Mrs. Birds declared that Mrs. Mallard was perfectly right and that old Mallard Duck deserved to be deserted and scorned.

The facts in this, the most celebrated scandal in the whole history of Bird Land, are briefly these:

Mr. and Mrs. Mallard Duck had lived happily together in a quiet little pond for two years and not a cloud had darkened their domestic horizon—so far as Bird Land knew. But secretly Mrs. Mallard's heart was slowly eating itself out. The fact was old Mallard Duck waddled outrageously when he walked. This filled the breast of Mrs. Mallard, who was really a beautiful duck, with anguish.

Serpent Enters Mallard Eden.

One day a serpent entered the Mallard Eden disguised as a jaunty male pintail duck. He was a bachelor duck without the suspicion of a waddle in his walk. Mrs. Mallard fell in love with him at first sight. She swam about him and ruffled her feathers and sang to him as well as she could and made no secret of her affection. Mr. Pintail was at first alarmed, but when his spouse passed away he admitted with a mournful quack that Mrs. Mallard was really the only duck that had ever appreciated him. The upshot was that Mr. Pintail and Mrs. Mallard eloped, and old Mallard was left to shift for himself in a deserted pond.

The autumn came and winter passed and still Mrs. Mallard and Mr. Pintail Duck gave no sign of regret. They held up their heads proudly and seemed to glory in their depravity—for that is the term Mrs. Bald Eagle used in talking about it. And when spring came Mrs. Mallard proudly brought to the old pond a brood of eight little ducklings, every one of which strangely resembled Mr. Pintail Duck.

Threatens Disruption of Clubs.

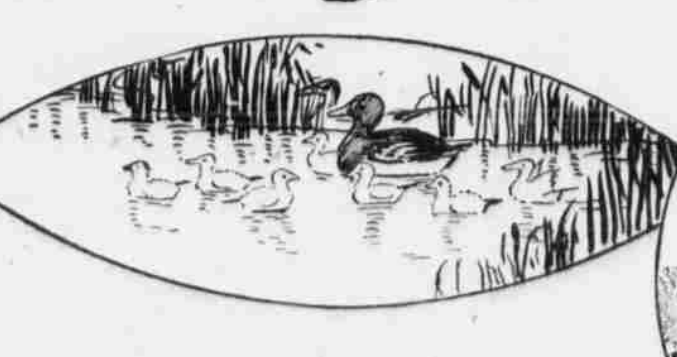
This was the scandal that threatened to disrupt the Federation of Bird Clubs. And it was a scandal. In this busy working human world one is apt to forget, even if one ever learned, that there are love, marriage, divorce, elopements, widowed grief and sorrow among the birds just as in the human family; and the study of the joys and sorrows of bird



The eagle mutes but once.



The pintail that broke up the mallard home



is deeply in love, and his feathers, always beautiful, assume their most brilliant colors as he parades back and forth in front of his sweetheart. She is coy, but he is persistent. She shows signs of relenting, and then he flies with her to the bower he has built and adorned. He shows her the mossy carpet of lawn, the bright colored berries and pebbles, the flowers, and usually this evidence of love is sufficient and the birds are mated.

Displaying His Beauty.

There is poetry and song in the lovemaking of the skylarks. Audubon, the greatest bird lover in the world, describes it:

"Each male is seen to advance with an imposing and measured step, swinging his tail, spreading it out to its full extent, then closing it again like a fan in the hands of a fine lady. Their brilliant notes are more melodious than ever; they repeat them oftener than usual, as they rest on the branch or summit of some tall meadow reed. Woe to the rival who dares enter the lists or to the male who simply comes in sight of another male at this moment of delirium. He is suddenly attacked, and, if he is the weaker, chased beyond the territory claimed by the first occupant. The female skylark shows all the natural reserve of her sex. When her lover flies before her, sighing forth his sweetest notes, she retreats before her ardent admirer in such a way that he knows not whether he is repulsed or encouraged."

Every one has seen pigeons and doves courteously salute their mates. Many male birds execute dances and courting parades before the birds they are wooing. The male of the red wing struts about before his lady love, sweeping the ground with his tail and acting the dandy. The crested duck raises his head gracefully, straightens his silky egrette, or bows to his female, while his throat swells and he utters a guttural sound, which is the nearest he can come to singing.

Married Life a Model.

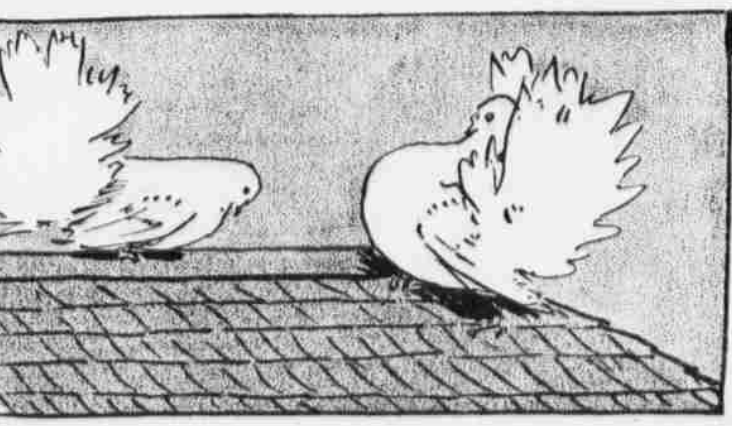
The married life of most birds could be taken for a model even by members of the human family. There is, for



The house the bird of paradise builds for his mate.



instance, the staid, dignified, and homely bald headed eagle—the glorious emblem of the American republic. He mates but once and lives with his one mate until he or she dies. If left a widower—even a young widower—the bald headed eagle never mates again. He remains alone and disconsolate in the nest on the rocky crag or in the branches of a tall pine



that formed his domicile while his mate was alive. No other female eagle can tempt him to forsake his disconsolate life. With him, once a widower always a widower.

The golden woodpeckers live in a happy married state, mating but once. If the male dies his mate's grief is lasting, and she lives a widowed bird the rest of her life. So, too, the male woodpecker never seeks another mate after the death of his own. He taps on a tree beside their nest day and night trying to recall her; then at length, discouraged and hopeless, he becomes silent and never recovers his gaiety.

Widowhood Means Death.

With the female Illinois parrot widowhood and death are synonymous, a circumstance rare enough in the human species, yet of which birds give us more than one example. When after some years of happy conjugal life a whetstone happens to die his companion hardly survives him a month.

There are, however, some birds who are as fickle as men and women. A widow magpie mates within a few hours after the death of her husband, and in one known instance a frivolous magpie selected seven husbands, one after the other, in as many days. Jays, falcons, and starlings are inconstant, and their home life is the most unhappy of all the birds.

Bad Fathers Rare.

Bad fathers are rare amongst birds. Usually the male rivals his mate in love for their children. The carrier pigeon—in fact, so do nearly all birds—feeds his mate while she is on the nest. More than that, the crow, the most dismal of all the birds, often sits on the eggs in the nest in order that Mrs. Crow may have an hour or so of relaxation and gossip among the other Mrs. Crows of her acquaintance. The blue marten, the black coated gull, the great blue heron, and the black vulture all do the same.

Polygamy is almost unknown among wild birds. The wild duck has but one mate, but let him become captive by man and domesticated, and he at once becomes a regular Brigham Young of a Mormon, with neither shame nor remorse.